

PRATHAM BOOKS
A Book in Every Child's Hand

Level 4

Grandfather Goes on Strike

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It was a fine Monday morning. I had come to my grandfather's house to spend the summer holidays. The place was quite peaceful. I was in the front garden cleaning my bike. My dog, Tiger was sleeping on the grass. A strange sound made me turn. I saw my grandpa climbing a long, wooden ladder.

It was against the big neem tree in front of our house. A board with a sign "SAVE THE TREES" was hanging from the tree.

I called and ran to stop him. I tried to climb after him. But it was too late. My grandpa shouted,

“Sathya, stay there.” He was stubborn. Once he made up his mind to do some thing, he would do it. No matter what.

Grandpa stopped at the top of the ladder. I was afraid to look in case he fell. His bony knees were level with the top rung now. He was hanging on to a branch. He was old and thin. But the spirit within him was young and strong. He was not as weak as he looked. There was a certain light in his eyes. I knew that light. It was the light in the eyes of a fighter.

“Stand away, Sathya,” he yelled down to me. He kicked the ladder away from the tree. I stepped aside as it fell. It landed with a loud thud on the grass. The dog yelped and ran indoors.

It was quiet now. There was just the sound of Grandpa's heavy breathing. This was his answer to the Municipal Council. The Council had passed plans to cut down the trees and permit the owner to put up flats there but Grandpa had plans of his own.

"I will make a cup of coffee for you." He was fond of coffee. But there was no answer. I told him, "You can see an old film on TV which dates back to your college days." Grandpa was unmoved.
The sunlight filled my eyes. I was quite damp with sweat. I began to feel nervous. Why must Grandpa protect the trees? Why can't he just go away and have a nice time?

Every time Grandpa moved, my heart beat fast. Just to make things worse, I was on my own with the problem. My grandma and my parents were away at Varanasi, visiting my aunt Sheela. My younger sister, Divya was away attending summer camp. Only my dog, Tiger and I were staying with Grandpa.

I wanted him to come down. I could not allow him to spend the night on the tree. But he would not listen. I tried again. "Please come down, Grandpa. Any minute now, someone is bound to call the police. So, come down, before it is too late!" No answer from Grandpa. Not a word.



Grandpa turned. He was looking pleased with himself. He had found a comfortable place for himself. He grinned down at me and said, “I cannot hear anything you say, because of the breeze.”

There was no breeze. There was not even a breath of air. The heat wave was now in its second week.

I walked around the tree. I felt worried. I felt angry. I was scared. Things were really getting out of control. I just wanted life to be
normal again.

Grandpa was sitting now.



I walked around the ladder lying in the grass. I began to consider my options, would it be a good idea to climb up and drag Grandpa down by force? I was strong enough to do it.

But I was afraid. Grandpa would be wild. He would probably kick me down in his anger.
The clock struck two. My friends would be waiting for me to play cricket.

“Grandpa, please come down!” I said. He waved me away. “Go on. You can go and join your friends if you want. There is no need for you to stay here.”

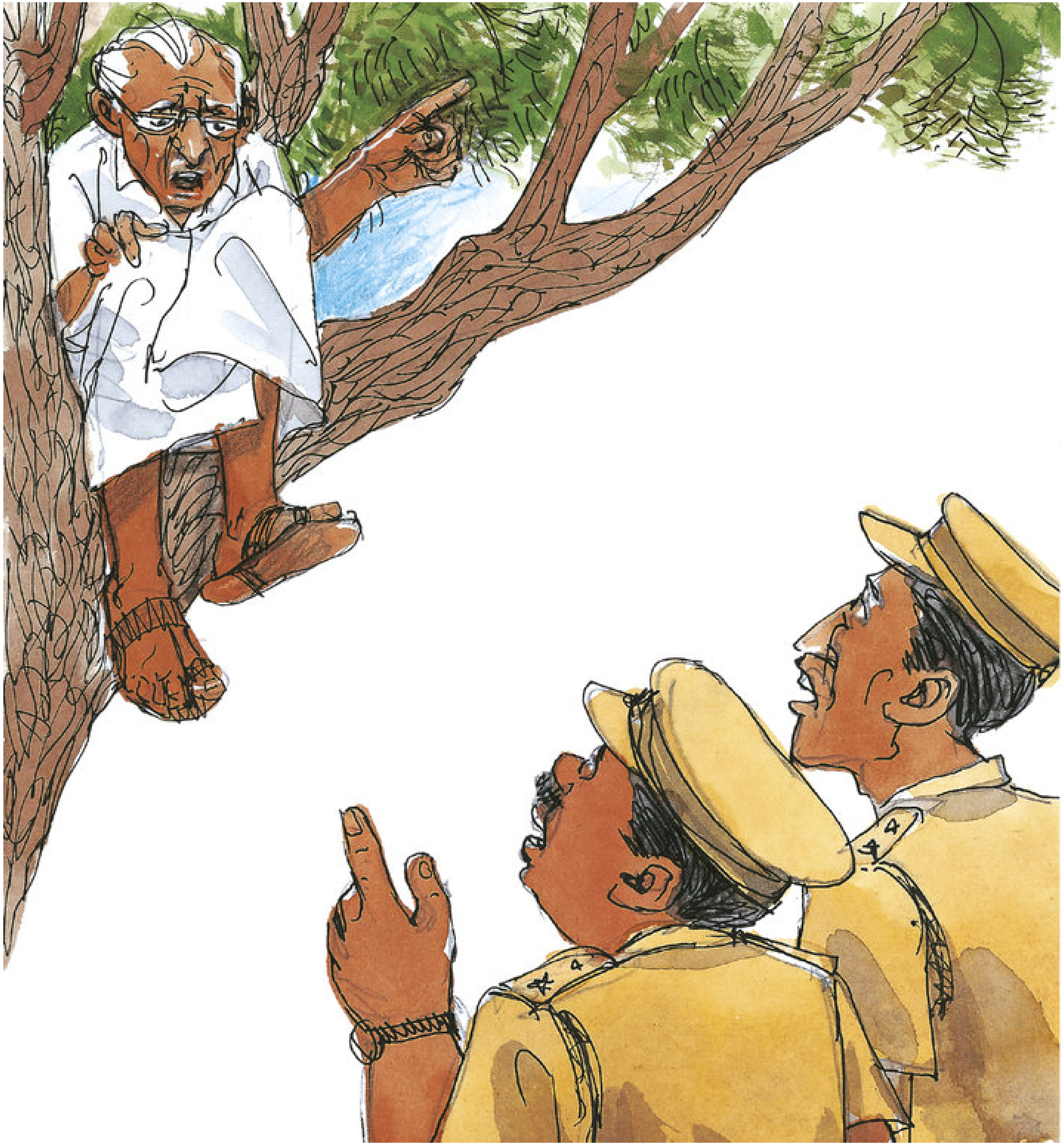


But how could I go now? I could not just leave the old man half way up a tree. I had to stay. He knew it.

“If you stay in that tree you will be very sorry,” I said. I tried to make it sound like a warning. But I could not raise my voice. My eyes were hurting. My head ached too. Life was one big ache.

I looked along the road. Three lorries and a tractor stood ready to begin their work at any moment. I tried once again. “You can’t stay there. The tree is coming down soon.”

Grandpa grinned as usual. “This tree will come down only over my dead body.” He was not going to give up.



Just then the police arrived. The jeep screeched to a halt at the foot of the tree. Two policemen got out. They both looked grim. One of them was thin and tall. The other one was heavily built.

The tall one stared at me. He began to walk towards me. Suddenly he fell flat on the ground. He had tripped over the ladder which was hidden in the grass. I pretended not to notice. The policeman stood up. He looked even grimmer. His mouth had taken on a new shape.

“What is going on here?” he asked.

As he spoke, some groundnuts fell down from the tree. They missed him by centimetres. He looked up sharply. When he saw Grandpa up on the tree, he looked surprised.

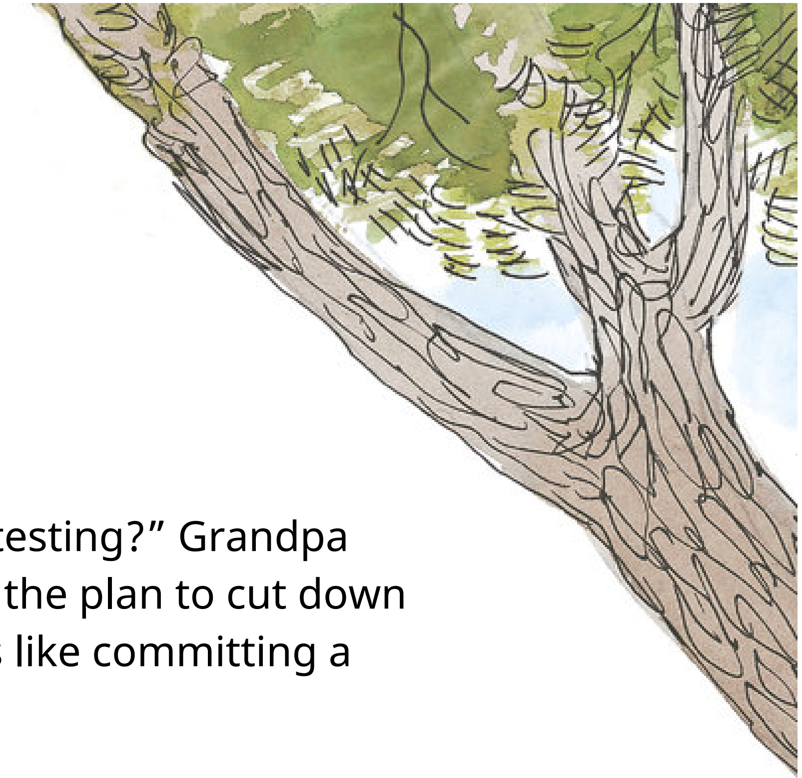
Grandpa smiled. It was a friendly smile.

“Good afternoon, Officer,” he said. “I am squatting on this tree, as you can see.”
The policeman stared at Grandpa for a minute. Then he said, “Squatting in trees is not allowed.”

Grandpa looked at him again with a smile. “Why? Is there any law against it?”

The heavy one stepped forward. “Sir, I must ask you to come down from that tree. Please come down now.”

Grandpa shook his head. “I am sorry, I can’t come down. I am up here to protest.” The two men looked at each other. They felt that this was something serious.



Then the tall one asked Grandpa, “Why are you protesting?” Grandpa began to narrate the details. He told them all about the plan to cut down the trees. Cutting down a live tree–a neem tree–was like committing a murder.

He could not allow murder. If the trees were cut, the place would lose its beauty. The trees were sacred to him. If they wanted to cut the trees, they must cut him first.

That was a strange case for the policemen. They stood frowning at each other. Then they both frowned at me.

Grandpa called out to them, “Look officer, this has nothing to do with Sathya, my grandson. Leave him alone.” He then asked them if they liked trees. They said, “Yes.” “Then, please allow me to protest,” he said. The tall one took out his note book. He turned the pages slowly. He began to ask questions. There were lots of questions. He even wanted the name of the dog.

Then they began to think hard. The heavy one spoke to Grandpa. He said, “Sir, please come down. We can sort out this problem calmly indoors.” “No, thank you. I will stay right here until the Council promises to leave the trees alone.”

I was waiting patiently. The two policemen went away for a private talk. Then one suggested calling the fire service. Grandpa was furious. “Go away! Please leave me in peace!” he yelled.

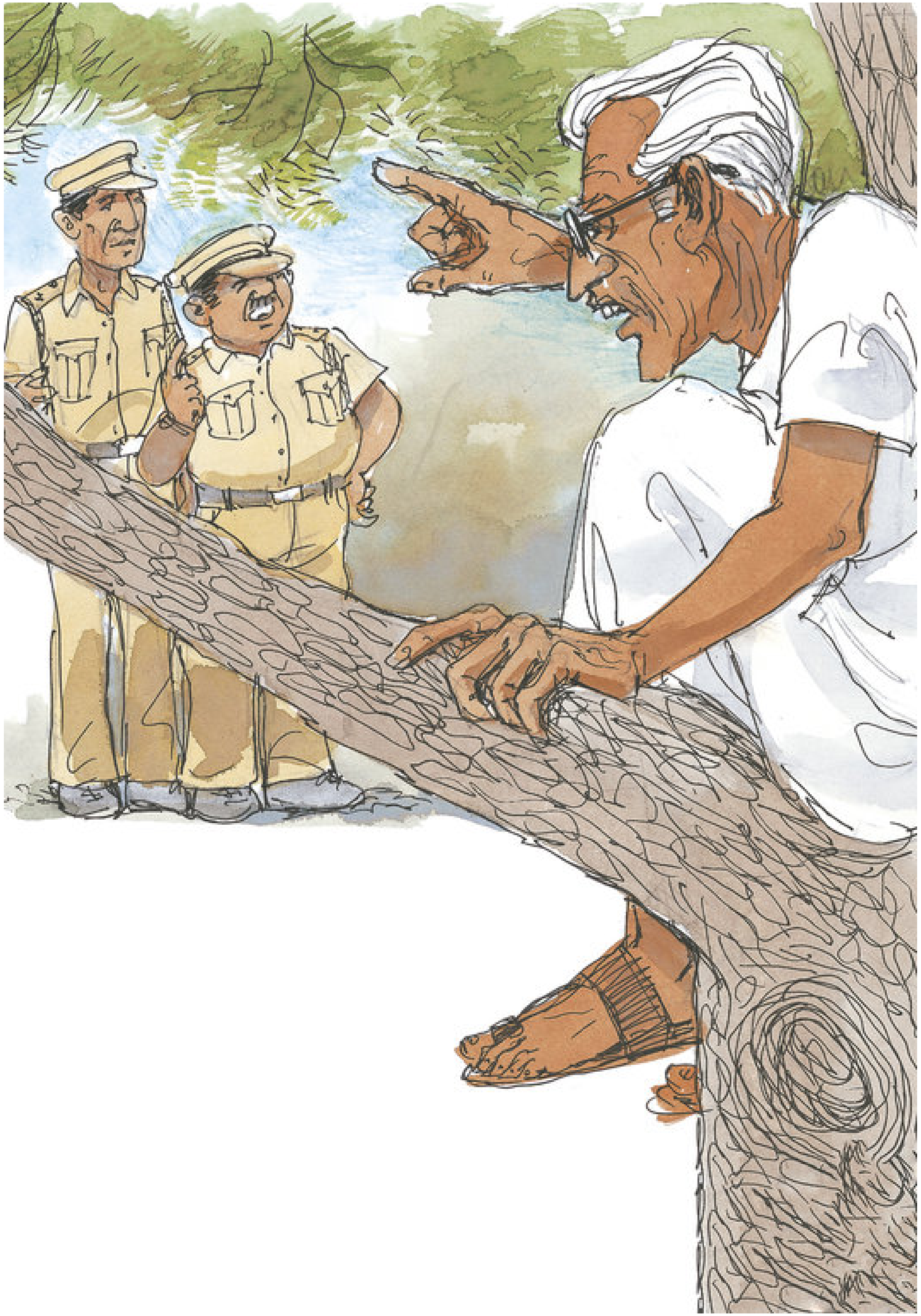


“You must come down. We cannot leave you up in a tree.”
“No, I will not come down,” said Grandpa.
“You will,” said the heavy one.
“I will not.”
“You will.”
“Will not.”

Grandpa was furious. His face became red. I stepped forward quickly.

“Grandpa, please.”

“You stay out of this, little fellow.” Saying this he stood up on the tree.



He requested the policemen to go. Quite nicely but firmly. He warned them that if they did not go, he would climb to the very top. He asked them to imagine the awful mess if he fell from the top of the tree.

The policemen got the message. They left in a hurry. I waited until the jeep turned the corner at the end of the road.

Grandpa was pleased with himself. He was proud of himself. But I knew that the police would be back. He had won the first round of the battle. But the fight was only just beginning.

As soon as the police had gone, the press arrived. They came in a van. Two male reporters and a girl with a camera. The sun was less bright when they arrived. The air was still warm.

The reporters began to ask a lot of questions. Who was the old gentleman in the tree? What was he doing there? Why did he go up? When did he go up? How did he go up?

I told them about his fight against the Municipal Council which allowed the cutting of trees and the construction of flats.

The daylight was fading. But it did not prevent the girl from taking photos. She clicked this way and that way. She took a photo of the neem tree. She took a photo of the sign board. A photo of our house. She too tripped on the ladder, while moving about. Grandpa was quiet. One reporter began to lift the ladder. He probably wanted to climb the tree. Grandpa gave him a piece of his mind – the worst piece. The reporter dropped the ladder in the grass.

“You had better leave the place,” I told the reporters. “My grandpa is getting angry. When he is angry, anything can happen.”

One of them noted down what I said in his note book. Then they got into the van and left.

I hoped things would remain quiet. Our house was in a corner of the street. There were no crowds to gape at us. A small thing hit my ear and I looked up. Grandpa had very good aim. “Sathya, I am very hungry. Go and bring a pencil and paper,” he said.

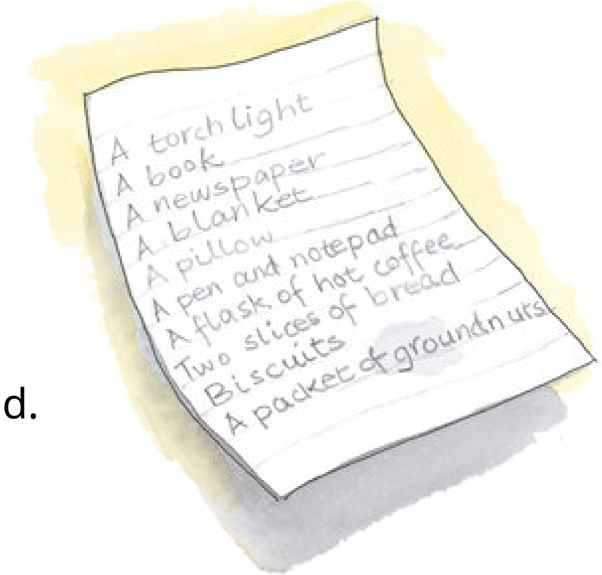
I stared up at him. “Are you going to eat pencil and paper?”

Grandpa shouted, “Hurry up, go and do as I say. It is getting dark.”

I ran into the house. I found a pencil and a sheet of paper. By the time I got back, the street lights had come on.

“Now listen carefully. Write down what I tell you. I need all these things.”

“What do you need on a tree?” I asked.



I was wrong again. He gave me a long list of things he needed.

They were:

a torch light, a book,
a newspaper, a blanket,
a pillow, a pen and notepad,
a flask of hot coffee,
two slices of bread, biscuits,
a packet of groundnuts.

It took me even longer to collect all the things. The dog was giving me company. I collected all the things with some difficulty. Then a new problem arose. How was I to send the things up to Grandpa? I made a kind of pulley. I made use of some wires and coat hangers. I put all the things, in a plastic bucket. Then I asked him to haul the bucket up. It went up easily. He praised me for my intelligence.

I was thinking of my friends. How well they must be spending that evening! Lucky fellows! No one would be on duty with a Grandpa sitting on a tree.

“The coffee tastes good,” said he. He unpacked the bucket, sitting quite comfortably. There was an orange glow from the street light.

It was a calm night. The sky was black. The air was warm. I walked up the green garden path. After pacing up and down for five minutes, I got back to the tree.

“You think I am mad, don’t you?” said Grandpa.
I said, “You are not mad, you are only very difficult to deal with!”

Grandpa had all he needed. I walked towards the house. There was no need for me to stay outside any longer. I was very tired. It had been a long, hot day.

“Good night Sathya, go and sleep well,” called Grandpa. I went in and shut the front door. I went up to my bedroom and closed the windows. I did not want to look out and see Grandpa. I had seen enough of him.

I fell into bed. Tiger flopped by my side. The town clock struck ten. As I drifted off to sleep, I could hear Grandpa munching biscuits and drinking the coffee. He passed the night peacefully on the tree.

The next morning, I got up early. Just then Ramya and Priya, my cousins, brought us a flask of steaming, hot coffee. They knew that Grandpa was very fond of it. Grandpa and I shared the coffee with great delight.

The morning newspaper was dropped at our doorstep. I looked at the paper eagerly. There was a flash news in a box, “A brave fight for the trees. Silent protest of a senior citizen against the felling of trees.”

The column also explained how the beauty of the town would be affected by the senseless cutting of trees. A photo of the lofty tree with the board was printed along with the news.

With great joy, I read out the news to Grandpa. It was all the good work of the young reporter who had called on us the day before.

The news seemed to have reached Mr. Mohan. He was the co-ordinator of the "save the trees" campaign. It was a popular organisation in the town. He arrived on his scooter and greeted Grandpa. "We will stand by you in your fight, Sir. We have to preserve nature's wealth. Bravo!" He said he would be coming again with his men.

Meanwhile breakfast arrived. We had just begun to eat when my grandpa's friend, Mr. Anand arrived. He had heard about Grandpa living in a tree. He was not surprised but he was worried.

"Are you enjoying your picnic?" he asked. As he spoke he stepped back. Before I could warn him, he had tripped over the ladder. When he stood up, he grinned. "I did not see the ladder hiding in the grass," he said.

Grandpa remarked with a smile, “You were looking up when you should have been looking down, Anand.”

He nodded. Then he smiled again. I turned to go indoors. He stopped me. “How can I help with the problem?” he asked.

“I am not coming down until the Council promises to leave the trees alone. So, don’t waste your time making plans for me,” Grandpa said.

Anand nodded. He agreed with every word that Grandpa said. They chatted for a while, with him gazing up and Grandpa looking down. Then he called out to me, “I think you are doing a wonderful job looking after your grandfather.”

I nodded. I had to agree with him. It was the truth. “But your grandfather needs friends at a time like this. I will get some of our friends to visit. As soon as I can,” he said. I thanked him. I told him not to bother.

True to his word, he sent three men along. They arrived one by one. Each of them brought a gift.

I went into my bedroom. I closed my eyes for a moment. But it was no good. Four men, all talking at the same time made a big noise. Grandpa was telling his friends about his night in the tree. They talked about the newspaper report.

I heard my name being called. It was my grandpa calling me. He asked me to go out and work the pulley. There were things to be hauled. Madhu had brought oranges. Shyam had brought a packet of milk biscuits.



It did not take long to fix the bucket and the pulley. Grandpa hauled away. Within minutes, he had unpacked everything.

The group standing beneath the tree began clapping as he made a speech thanking them. Then the three men left.

I was glad.

Everything was quiet by now. Some of our neighbours were away. I dozed in the shade of the tree. Tiger was lying at my feet. Grandpa was up in the tree reading the newspaper. He seemed quite happy in his own little world of birds and sunshine.

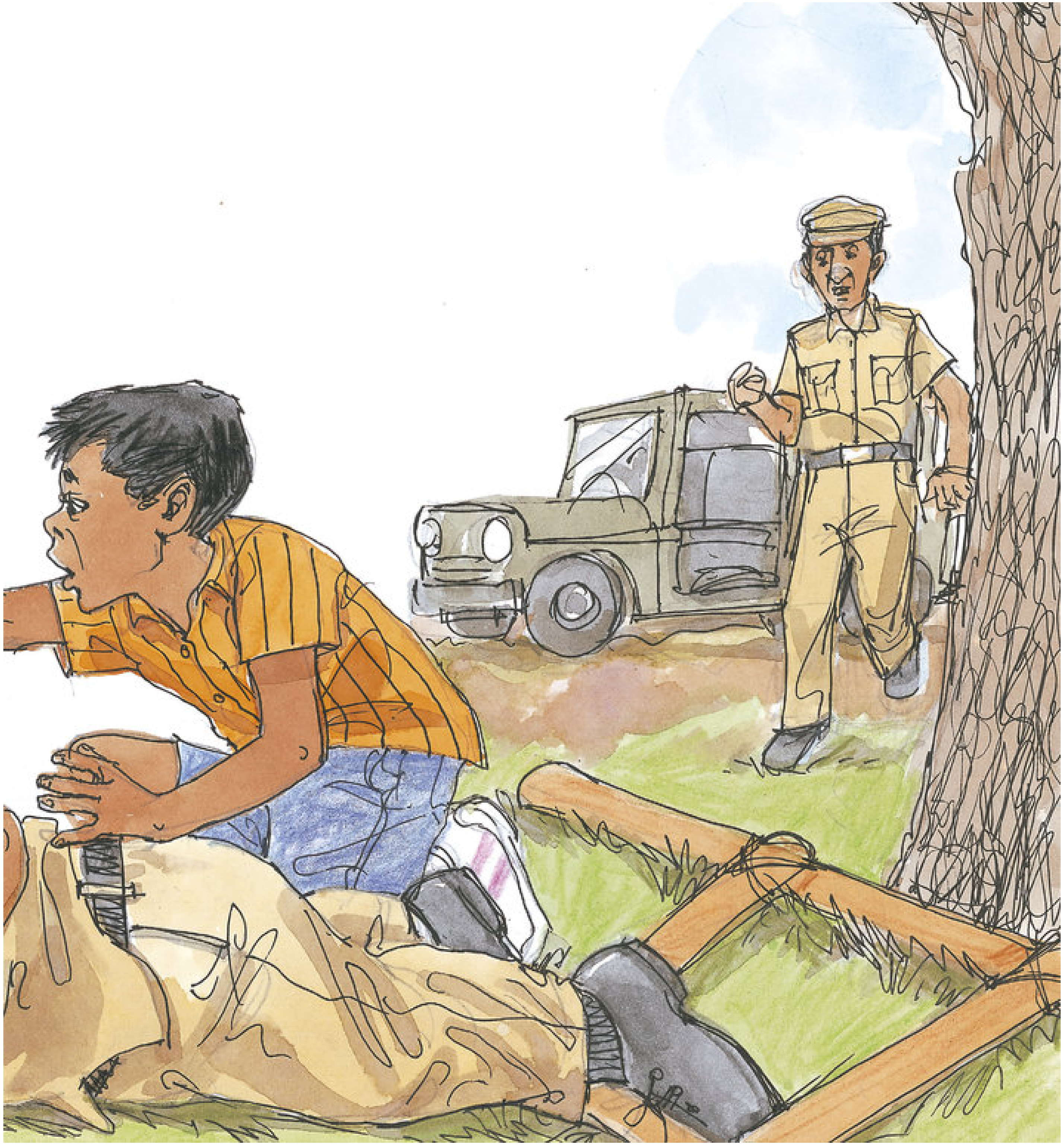
"See! The enemy is coming!" cried Grandpa suddenly. I jumped up. Grandpa was leaning out of the tree. He had rolled up the newspaper and held it to one eye.

I looked down the road. A police jeep was on its way. When it stopped, two policemen jumped out. The same as before. They slammed the door of the jeep. Then they came trudging across the grass towards me.

The heavy one was soon sprawled flat on the ground. He had once again tripped over the ladder. He was lying face down on the grass. It took him a minute to get up. I tried to help. But Tiger got there first.

He licked the policeman’s face all over.





I waited as the policeman got up. He brushed himself down.

“Someone should do something about the ladder,” he muttered. Then he stared at me.

“Something should be done about that dog too!” he added.

The policeman asked me to come inside the house to speak. This made Grandpa angry. He hated being left out of anything. I saw him standing up on the tree and shaking the branches.

Indoors, the policemen told me that they were getting a doctor for Grandpa. I told them that Grandpa was not ill. But they insisted. They said it was their duty.

As the police jeep drove off, Grandpa pelted it with twigs. Half an hour later, the doctor’s car arrived. Dr. Vasant got down. He was not a doctor who was used to Grandpa’s ways. As he crossed the garden, I warned him about the hidden ladder. He said he was grateful for the warning.

“It is my grandpa you have come to see. He is there,” I said, pointing to the top of the tree. He looked up and shouted, “Good morning.” Grandpa nodded in acknowledgment.

The doctor thought for a moment. Then he said, “May I put the ladder up? I would like to climb up and examine you.”

I helped the doctor lift the ladder. He began to climb. Grandpa was so angry that he pushed the ladder from above.

I shouted at Grandpa, “You can’t just push people when they are climbing the ladder.”

“I can and I did,” said he. He told me that the doctor did not care for the trees. He did not care if our neem trees turned into firewood. So, he got rid of him.

The doctor struggled to sit up. He shook his fist at the old man, “You might have killed me. I shall sue you.” Grandpa answered quickly. “If you sue me, I shall report you!”

I helped the doctor to his feet. He scolded my grandpa. I felt sorry for him. As he went away, I sat down on the front step.

I was feeling hungry. While all the people were tucking into their lunch, Grandpa and I ate apples and biscuits. Grandpa was missing proper meals. He began to read the book. I was glad when he finally dozed off to sleep.



Just after an hour, a blue car came. It stopped near the tree. Four people got out.

They were all carrying drawing boards and folding chairs. I saw them unfolding their chairs and putting up the boards. It was just like an open-air art class.

Amritha, the lady in charge beamed. “We are here to draw this beautiful tree,” she cried. “It is such a wonderful tree. We would like to draw it before it is cut down.”

I did not know what to say. So I said nothing. None of them had noticed Grandpa sitting on the tree. I had a feeling that something was going to happen. And it did!

Grandpa waited until the class was ready to draw. Then he let an empty tin fall through the branches. It fell down in the middle. They looked up in surprise.

The lady in charge ran to me. “Is that an old man up in the tree?” she said.

“Yes,” I said.



Two of them begged me for a cup of tea. It was the only cure for the shock they had had, they said.
“Make it hot and sweet,” my grandpa yelled as I went indoors to make the tea.

We did not have enough cups for all of them. But I managed to find a few mugs. Some biscuits were left over. I gave them the tea and the biscuits. They accepted everything and thanked me many times over.

As they began to sip their tea, Grandpa told them about his fight with the Council. He said it was his duty to preserve the trees. He loved them so much. If they were cut, the beauty of the place would be ruined. There would be no peace. The Council was permitting the destruction of nature in order to make money. He was going to stop them. Even if it led to his death.

The people nodded. They seemed interested. But whether they were really supporting him, I did not know. When he stopped speaking Amritha stood up and said, “You are a very brave person.”

“Very brave! Very brave indeed,” said everyone of them. “The municipal planners are fools! We must all teach them a lesson,” said the lady. She then marched across the garden. She went up to the place where a Council lorry was parked. She kicked the wheel of the lorry. She kicked it again.

“Bravo!” shouted Lalitha, a girl in the group.

“Well done,” shouted the rest of the group.

Every one clapped and cheered. The lady marched back. She put on a brave smile.

Back at the tree, the crowd decided to have a meeting. The lady took charge because she had the loudest voice. She said it would be a good idea to present a petition. Everyone stood in line. They signed their names on a large piece of paper. Some of our neighbours signed their names too. I looked up at Grandpa. He grinned down from the tree.

At three o’ clock, the crowd packed up and left. They were singing as their car drove away.

I turned and began to clear up the mess. There were cups all over the garden.

“Thank you, Sathya. Thanks for making the tea,” said Grandpa.

I did not answer. When I was collecting the cups, I found a beaker full of money. The art class must have had a collection. I did not get a chance to count the cash. Grandpa was suddenly leaning out of the tree. He was shouting, “Here come the enemies again. Let us be ready.”

There were five Council men. All of them were wearing dark suits. These were not the workmen who came before. These were deskmen with briefcases. They came striding across the grass. There was a sudden crash. The leader of the group tripped over the ladder and fell flat.

I said sorry several times. The leader got up and glared at me. He had bushy eyebrows and a bald head. Then he looked above and stared at my grandpa. His eyes were small.

“Good afternoon, old man,” he called up. He seemed to speak through his nose.

Grandpa did not answer. He was eating an apple with great relish. The man walked round the tree. Then he stopped. “I am from the Municipal Council. My name is Mukherjee.”

Grandpa spat out a pip. “That is your problem,” he said.

One of the men laughed. “We have come to order you to get off that tree,” said Mukherjee.

The man standing behind him chipped in. “Yes, we order you off that tree now!”

Grandpa was very angry. “Listen, you officers,” he said, “You can’t order me to do anything. Here I am. And here I shall stay.”

Mukherjee took a deep breath. He smoothed the few hairs on his bald head. “You can’t stay up there, Sir.”

“I can and I will until I have a promise that you will leave the trees alone.”

Mukherjee made an ugly face. His mouth became a thin, hard line as he opened his briefcase. “I have here a piece of paper,” he said. He began to read from the paper, “Part one, section three states that...”



Grandpa stopped him. “I don’t care about your section three. I care about trees,” he said.

“Now, look here, my good old man,” he began.

Grandpa snapped, “I am not your good old man.”

Mukherjee gulped. He rolled his eyes a bit, “You cannot create obstacles for a housing project. Sixteen flats are coming up here. A man has already spent lots of money for it. You cannot prevent us from cutting the trees.”

Grandpa shouted back, “You have enough vacant land in the town to build your houses. You cannot murder the trees for your selfish ends. What you destroy, you can never replace. Leave us in peace, please!”

Mukherjee began shouting, “You silly old man! You are wasting our time. If you don’t come down now, this minute, I shall come up and drag you down.”



Grandpa’s reply was not in words. He flung down a tin plate.
It hit Mukherjee’s briefcase. He stepped back.
So did the rest of his gang.



They all held up their briefcases like shields. Grandpa was pelting them with empty tins and apple cores.

Mukherjee's face was purple with rage. He did not give up. He walked over to the ladder and began to lift it. "Stop! Stop!" I cried. I ran across the grass. "Please go away," I said to Mukherjee. "Go away and leave us alone."

He dropped the ladder and looked furiously at me. "Listen, little gentleman, just stay away."

His face was red. I did not move. I stood there facing him. I said firmly, “You had better go now. You are upsetting my grandfather. And when he is upset, I will be upset. And when I am upset, there will be trouble.”

As I was issuing this warning, another man sprang forward. He was breathing hard. “Trouble? We have had nothing but trouble since your stupid grandfather climbed on that tree. The phones have been ringing non-stop. We should be off duty by this time. But people would not let us rest. That old man is mad. He should be locked up.”

He took a step forward. I took a step back. I started to go indoors. But Mukherjee grabbed hold of my arm and swung me round. That was where he committed a big mistake. Tiger flew at him.

“Take your leg out of our dog’s mouth,” shouted Grandpa.

Mukherjee was sweating profusely. He tried to shake the dog off. But Tiger hung on. Then he swung his briefcase and hit Tiger sideways.

Tiger ran indoors yelping. I tried to follow him. I was held by two of the men while Mukherjee was limping across the lawn towards me. When he reached me he was wild with rage and was showing his rotten teeth. “I have had enough of you and your grandfather. No one can behave like this with me.”

As he spoke, his friends closed in. They stood round me in a circle.

I had no way of escape.

“Hit them! Go on, Sathya, hit them,” called Grandpa.

I looked across the lawn, wishing and wondering. Wishing I was safe, up in a tree like Grandpa. That is when I first saw the television crew. They were on the other side of the road. They were filming every move we made. Mukherjee saw the look of surprise on my face. He spun round. He saw the cameras taking pictures of him and his men. His face grew pale.

In two seconds, he was out of our garden. There was no sign of a limp as he ran fast. His men ran after him. I laughed at them heartily. They tried to hide behind the tree. But they could not escape the cameras. The television crew closed in. They took some lovely close-up shots. There was one of Mukherjee peeping around his briefcase.

Questions were asked. Answers were given. Mukherjee against Grandpa – all filmed and recorded. Grandpa and Mukherjee gave their views. Then the newsmen asked me what I thought. My mind was blank. I gave a sickly grin and said, “No comment.”

Suddenly there was a commotion on the street. It was beat music, heavy on the drums. I saw the sun glinting on gold uniforms. It was a band, out in full strength. The TV crew spun their cameras round to meet it. People came rushing out of their houses.

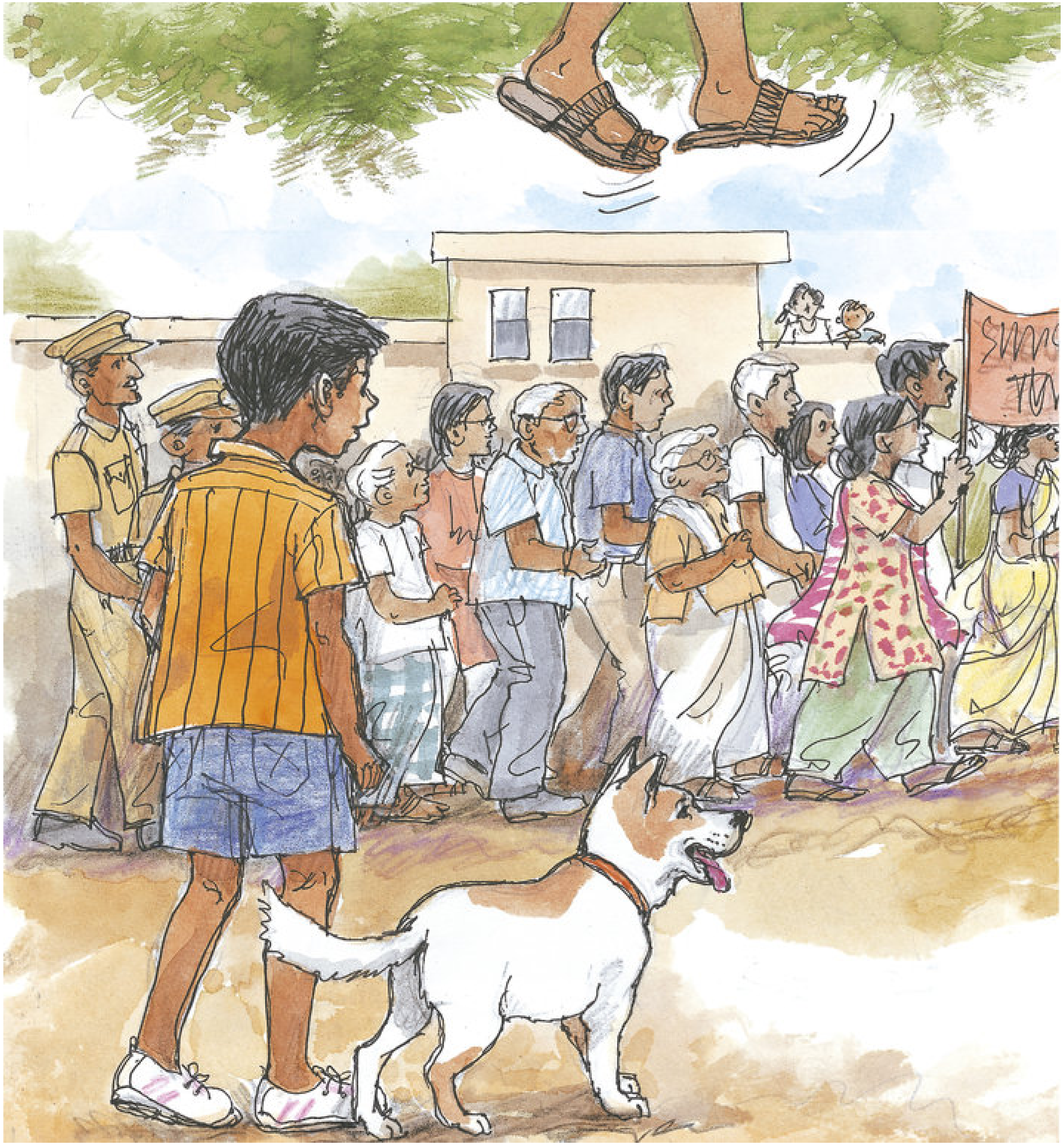


The band was leading a long line of marchers. They were carrying a banner which said, “Save Our Trees.” Prakash was at the head of the marchers.

He was followed by the lady and the members of her art class. There were neighbours and a lot of people from the town. People I had never seen before.

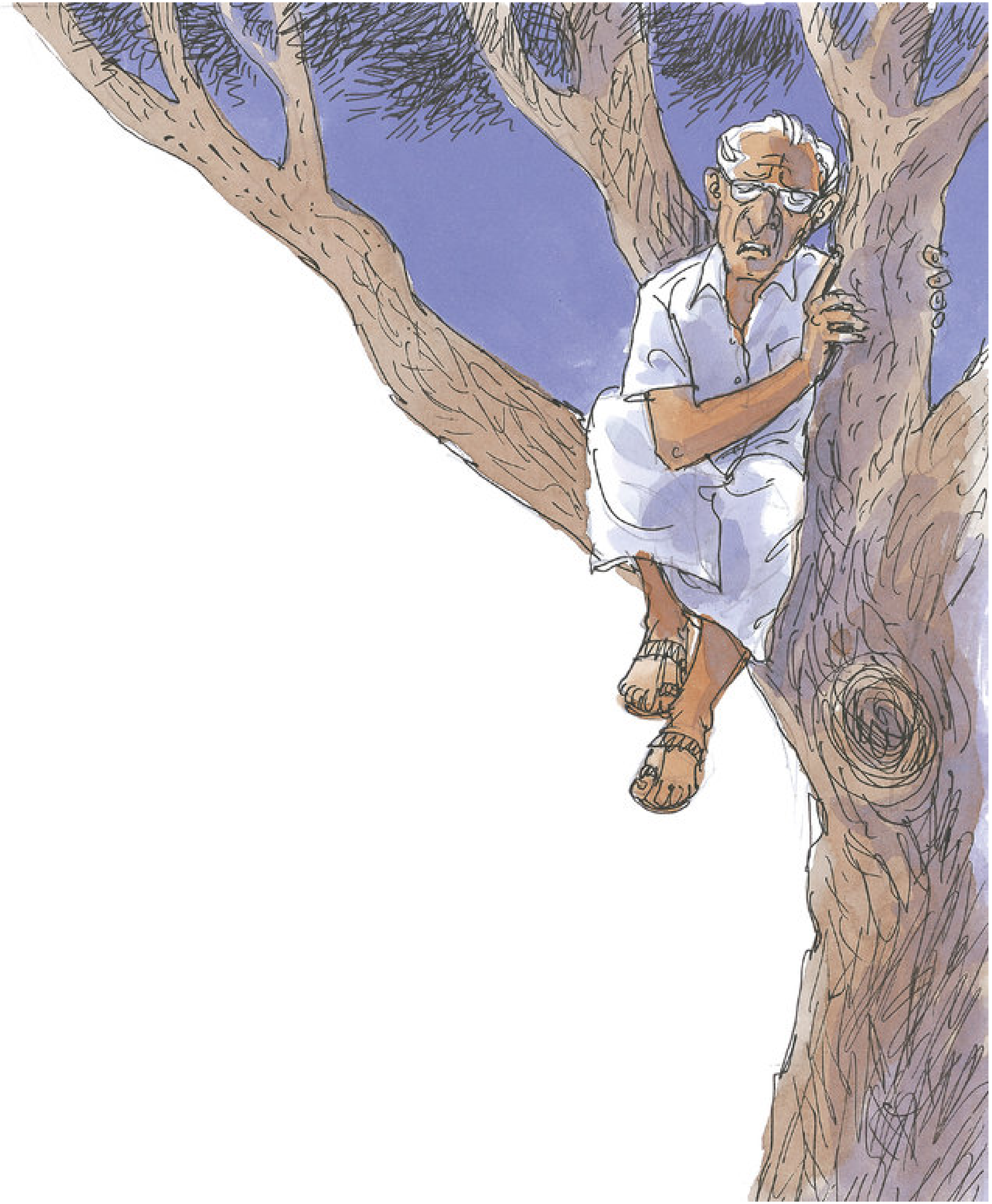


“Thank you,” cried Grandpa as the crowd passed our tree. At the end of the line came the two policemen. The two we knew already. They were strolling along chatting. It was really funny.



Mukherjee and his men had no choice. They went straight to the town office. They held a public meeting. It looked as if my grandpa had won the battle of the trees. But still he would not come down.

He said he would come down only when he saw a written promise. He wanted a properly signed statement that the trees would not be touched.



I watched him as he sat waiting in the branches. He was reading a book in the orange glow of the street light. Mukherjee was due back at eight o’ clock with the statement. So really, Grandpa could have come down now. But he was firm.

Grandpa looked tired. He looked ill. I wondered whether to put the ladder up and go and sit with him. But I was afraid he would not allow me to climb.

I went indoors to make coffee. When I came out, the air was thick and heavy. Grandpa did not even want a cup of coffee. That worried me more than anything else. I looked up quickly. He was shivering and looked pale.

“Grandpa! What is wrong with you?” I yelled. He said something. It was hard for me to hear. A strong breeze blew. There was the noise of a thunder clap.
A car arrived. Mukherjee emerged and came towards me waving a piece of paper. It was signed as Grandpa wanted. It was a written statement that the trees would be undisturbed for people to enjoy. He did not stay long.

I waved the paper and shouted to Grandpa that there was good news. But he did not answer. He just sat in the branches, nodding. His eyes were half closed.

I ran and lifted the ladder. It was heavy. I set it in place and climbed quickly. Something was wrong with Grandpa. He was leaning on a branch. He was asleep. It was not a normal sleep. He was breathing in short gasps. His face was hot as fire. His hands were cold. I tried to lift him. He was like a dead weight.
I came down. I ran to get to a phone. I needed help.

A police jeep drew up beside me. It was the tall one and the heavy one on patrol. I told them that Grandpa was ill. They asked me not to worry. They took over. The tall one drove the jeep to the tree. The heavy one called for the fire service on his radio.

As I ran, the first drops of rain fell. Then the downpour began. The two policemen were up in the tree. They wrapped Grandpa in a blanket. There was nothing I could do but watch and wait. I was completely wet. But I hardly noticed. I was worried about Grandpa. I was really afraid. I heard myself saying, “Please God!
Save my grandpa.”

I could hear the fire engine. When the siren stopped, people came rushing from their houses. “Where is the fire?” someone shouted. Things happened very quickly. There were five firemen and each had a job to do. A search light was turned on. A ladder was raised. One of the men went up. Grandpa was lifted safely to the ground. He was carried into the house.

Grandpa was asleep. The heavy one spoke on his two way radio. He was calling for an ambulance. The rain pelted down continuously.

The ambulance arrived. Grandpa was taken to the hospital. He was kept there for two days. The doctor said that he needed plenty of hot food and sleep. Slowly, he recovered his health.

Meanwhile, my parents and my grandma arrived. They were shocked to hear about what had happened. They were angry with him for his tough display in their absence.



It was ten o' clock in the morning. Grandpa came back to his room in our house. It was full of sunshine and flowers. The windows were wide open. The birds were singing in the trees outside. I sat near the door letting in visitors.

A cheer went up as he began to speak. "My neem, sweet neem!

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Grandfather Goes on Strike
(English)

Most grandfathers are content to lie back in an armchair and lazily read the day's newspaper. Not our tree loving senior citizen. He goes on strike for his beloved trees and a series of hilarious events liven up this entertaining tale. Read on to find out who saves the day and who saves the trees!

This is a Level 4 book for children who can read fluently and with confidence.